NEW ORLEANS, LA.

ATLANTA, GA., APRIL 21, 1909.

RICHMOND, VA.

Unto The Lord

"Two mites-farthing" a widow brought,
The margin of her toil;
For daily all the week she wrought
A living,-that was all:
I seem to hear, "Such little store,
Master, I would that it were more."

The rich cast in their many coins,

That rattled as they fell,Then went their way with girded loins,

To further moneys tell:
Happy the rich, if humble, free,

Good stewards of the Lord they be.

"Against the treasury," sitteth One,
Of meek and lowly air:
He sees who cast and who cast not
For temple use and fare,
And off upon the empty palm,
His blessings rest like Gilead's balm.

'Give me thine heart," not gold, He said,
And then the whole is given;
Who loveth God with all the heart,
Shall see God's face in Heaven.
We cannot make Him rich or poor,
By little or by largest store,
But we can praise Him evermore.

Marlinton, W. Va. Mrs. Anna L. Price.